

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 7.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1800.

WHOLE NO. 631.

THE SPANISH HERMIT.

[CONTINUED.]

BEFORE I had been three days at Parma I was engaged in an adventure which had nearly cost me my life. Curious to learn whether the gallants of Parma chanted the pleasures and the pains of love under the balconies of their mistresses, I walked one evening, after supper, round the city. The clock had already struck eleven without the sound of a single guitar having reached my ear; but no sooner did the midnight hour arrive, than music of all kinds resounded through every street. A concert, seemingly in the Spanish style of music, was performing in one of the squares; and, conceiving it to be some young lover of my own country who was serenading the object of his affection, I advanced towards the place.

The music, while I listened to it with pleasure, suddenly stopped; the sound of the violins was succeeded by the clashing of swords; and I soon afterwards discovered a man who was retiring in a posture of defence against three assailants who pressed upon him all together with great violence. Provoked by the inequality of the contest, I drew my sword; and ranging myself on the side of the single combatant, who must, in the event, have fallen a victim to superior numbers, gave him such useful succor, that we obliged the assailants to retire, not without some wounds, which, in all probability, they would not have received if I had not joined the affray.

The gentleman in whose favor I had thus seasonably interposed, appeared so extremely sensible of the services I had rendered him, that he knew not how to discontinue his expressions of gratitude.

"Sir," replied I, in the Castilian language, "the services you have received do not merit such extraordinary commendation. Could I calmly observe one of my countrymen (for, if I am not mistaken, you are from Spain) in such imminent danger, without affording him assistance?"

"You are not mistaken," replied he; "I am a native of Biscay, and my name is Don Gregorio de Trevigno. May I request," added he, "to be informed what province in Spain has the honor of your birth? I beg you will let me know to whom I am indebted for the service I have received."

"You must excuse me, Sir," replied I, "for not gratifying your curiosity, lest you should repent of having received the obligation you express from my hands."

"Oh heavens!" exclaimed the Biscayan,—"can you be Don Felix de Peralta?"

"Yes," replied I, "I am. It was I who killed your brother at Pampeluna. I am the fugitive whom you seek, and whom chance has thrown in such a manner in your way, that fortune seems to have rendered the succor my arm has just afforded you a screen of delicacy to shelter me from your vengeance. But I am not inclined to accept a favor so awkwardly bestowed; and I request that you will pay no regard to a service which I should have rendered to any other man as well as to yourself. Consult only your offended feelings, and vindicate your brother's death."

"Would you do so," interrupted Don Gregorio, "if you were in my place? Speak: your sentiments shall guide my conduct."

"You embarrass me," replied I, "If you had spilled my brother's blood, and I had owed my life to you, the voice of gratitude would, I think, have silenced my resentment."

"Then why," replied he, "should I act in a different manner? do you conceive that my notions upon this subject are less refined than your own? No, no, Don Felix, I know what honor requires from you in this conjuncture; but, however consanguinity may murmur, I will no longer consider you as my enemy. You have yourself repaid the injury my family received; since the same sword which extinguished the life of Don Martin, has prolonged that of Gregorio. Permit me farther to assure you, that your generous and gallant behavior has banished all animosity from my mind, and inclined me to seek that future friendship from you, which on my part I am sincerely disposed to bestow."

We accordingly interchanged addresses; and, after mutual professions of respect and esteem, parted under promises to visit each other early the ensuing morning; and each of us was so eager to honor the other with the first visit, that we met on the way.

The usual compliments having passed, Don Gregorio desired that he might have the pleasure of introducing me to a friend of his at court; and, in compliance with his desire, I immediately accompanied him the house of Count Guadagni, the Duke's favorite, and first gentleman of his chamber, to whom he presented me, saying, "Permit me to introduce to you Don Felix de Peralta, the mortal enemy whom I fought with so much industry; for he is now one of my best friends."

"What miracle," exclaimed the Count, "has produced this alteration in your sentiments?"

Don Gregorio then related to him the recent adventure, candidly avowing, that without my assistance he must have lost his life. The Count, having listened to this narrative with great attention, congratulated us on an event which had thus happily terminated an affair of honor, which, in general, ends in the death of one, and sometimes of both, of the parties.

Guadagni conceived this to be so singular a circumstance, that he could not avoid communicating it to the Duke his master, who, from mere curiosity, desired to see and converse with me. The interview afforded so much pleasure to my royal auditor, that he resolved to detain me at the court of Parma; and, for that purpose, requested my acceptance of a Lieutenantcy in the guards; and as I also enjoyed the patronage and friendship of his favorite, I entertained the high hope of being able, in a short time, to amass a splendid fortune.

I communicated my reconciliation with Gregorio, and my advancement at the court of Parma, to my fond and anxious father; and it is scarcely necessary for me to say, that his congratulations on both occasions were equally joyful and sincere.

My endeavors to cultivate the friendship and good opinion of the Duke of Parma were so suc-

cessful, that, in a period of less than two years, I was promoted to the post of First Chamberlain, which had become vacant by Guadagni's death.

Natives never suffer a foreigner to occupy a place of so much importance at court with any degree of quietude or security; and all the numerous individuals who conceived their merit had been overlooked or slighted by my promotion, raised an envious outcry against me, and endeavored, by all the arts of factious calumny, to degrade me from the high confidence and esteem in which I was held by my royal benefactor. Combinations were formed amongst the leading courtiers to destroy my power, and they employed all the arts and stratagems ingenuity could suggest to effect their purpose; but all their exertions were fruitless, and only contributed to fix me more firmly in my exalted station; for you may conceive that it was no easy task to rob me of the favor of a Prince with whose virtues and vices I was equally well acquainted. The skilful Guadagni had, by means of this knowledge, constantly preserved his credit with his master; and, treading with equal adroitness in the steps of my predecessor, I had, in short, discovered the secret of rendering myself so necessary to the Duke, that he no longer viewed any object except through my eyes. I am convinced, that no favorite ever gained a more absolute ascendancy; so great indeed was my power, that I was called the *Condutor* of the states of Parma; and the opposing courtiers, finding themselves incapable of making successful resistance, submitted to the predominating influence of my brighter fortunes. But, alas! the authority which had withstood the attacks of a powerful faction, yielded to the superior addresses of a lady, for whom the Duke entertained a most extravagant affection.

This dangerous rival was the wife of his principal equerry, the Marchioness of Origo; who, although she had passed the meridian of life, was still not only the most striking beauty, but the most artful intriguer of the court. From the first moment she saw the Prince within her power, she formed the resolution of removing me from his confidence, in order that she might possess the entire administration of affairs herself. Aware of her designs, I endeavored, of course, by every means in my power, to render them abortive; and, as is frequent between the ministers and mistresses of Princes, a contest commenced, in which we mutually endeavored to ruin each other in the mind of the Duke, by every ill office in our respective powers. When I was with the Duke, I seized every occasion to degrade her in his good opinion; and when she was with him, my character also suffered in its turn. The Prince, whose greatest foible was an extensive good-nature, listened sometimes to the Marchioness, and sometimes to me, like a ship which, tossed about by two opposite winds, yields alternately to both.

This formidable rival, unfriendly as she was to my interests, was no enemy, it appeared, to the pleasures of the world: she did not give her credit for a more faithful attachment to the Prince her lover than to the Marquis her husband. It was against her infidelity that I directed all my batteries. Employing certain spies, whom I in-

duced, by the liberality of my bribes, to watch her conduct with unceasing vigilance, I was at length informed that the lady had lately fallen in love with a comedian, of the name of Octavio, who generally played the principal characters at the Prince's theatre; that, not contented with admitting him almost daily to her toilette, she frequently went to his house in a hired coach, disguised as a common woman; in short, that there was no reason to doubt but that these interviews were interviews of gallantry.

Overjoyed as I was on receiving this information, I thought it prudent to ascertain its truth before I ventured to reap from it the harvest it seemed to promise; and with this view I sent to Octavio, and requested that he would do me the favor to sup with me alone in the evening, as I had something of consequence to communicate to him.

The actor, of course, accepted the invitation, and came to me at the appointed time. "Octavio," said I to him, towards the conclusion of the evening, "I have a very unpleasant piece of news to communicate to you. The Duke has been made acquainted with the partiality which the Marchioness of Origo has lately conceived for you, and that you frequently have secret interviews with each other." [To be concluded in our next.]

"THE AGE OF WONDERS HAS NOT YET GONE BY!"

A FEW weeks ago, died in Baltimore County, to which he had retreated during the prevalence of the fever, Mr. WILLIAM FOWLER, long a respectable inhabitant of Fell's Point. The virtues of this truly pious character, are indelibly engraven on the hearts of all to whom his acquaintance extended, and render eulogium superfluous. Suffice it to say, that equanimity, and serenity, which were the most conspicuous traits in the unblemished character he sustained, throughout a life devoted to the service of his donor, were not for a moment obscured in the lurid hour of death. With that composure and fortitude, which are the inseparable attendants of a virtuous deportment, he beheld the advance of the gloomy King of terrors without dismay, and sunk into his icy arms, consoled by the exhilarating anticipation of a triumphant resurrection to life and immortality.

The circumstances attending his death, may be ranked among those of the most singular nature. He appeared perfectly conscious of his approaching dissolution, and without the least agitation, requested his attendants to remove him out of the house immediately after his decease, with all the furniture therein; emphatically declaring that the house would inevitably be consumed; particularly designating at the same time, the corner of the room in which the fire would originate. This request, though extremely coherent, was regarded only as a delirious effusion, and consequently unattended to. But the injunction being reiterated, a lady present, to alleviate (in her estimation) this groundless anxiety, sprinkled a quantity of water on that part which was the object of his apprehensions. Some short time after this he expired.

The persons engaged in the act of excubation, being in a room below, one of them returned to that in which the corpse lay at stated periods to snuff the candles. This office was duly executed, until about twelve o'clock, when the individual accustomed to perform it, entered the room for that purpose, and to her amazement, which can be better conceived than delineated, discovered a fire enkindling in that very part of it where the deceased had predicted its origin. The candles were burning as usual, and the fire entirely remote from them. She endeavored to remove the corpse, but found it impracticable, and before she could receive assistance to enable her to effect it, the room (having been recently painted) was so completely enveloped by the flames as to render her escape difficult. The corpse, house, and furniture then became the prey of the destructive element, and were totally consumed.

A CURE FOR CREDULITY.

AN old woman in London, assuming the title of fortune-teller, after communicating much pleasing intelligence to a servant girl, respecting her future destiny, imparted the following money-making scheme. She was to deposit six guineas in a certain mould, and which, after remaining there a certain time, would not only be increased to twelve, but she would also be gratified there with a peep at her future husband. The girl highly delighted with Hymen and Pluto dancing before her eyes, flew to the place at the appointed hour; but, alas! the golden heap had vanished, and with it the perfidious sorceress. Diligent search has been made for the impostor, but in vain. We hear she has practised her black art with similar success in various other places.

MARIA'S DEPARTURE.

ADIEU MARIA! may propitious gales
Attend thy barque and crowd her bosom'd sails---
A mighty Power with whom sweet Mercy lies!
Grant that no storm or tempest should arise;
O let some Guardian Angel safely keep,
The much lov'd fair, while traversing the deep!
Nor is my pray'r to that alone confin'd---
May heaven protect her fair unsullied mind,
And sentiments, (her sex might proudly own,)
Which thro' her adverse fate and youth have shone.

And since your friends, fair maid, must for a time
Endure your absence to a southern clime;
Since the gay circle, must deplore, so long;
To lose thy smile and thy mellifluous song;
O let each changing sup be well improv'd,
And, absent or return'd, thou'lt still be lov'd.

CONSTANTINE.

THE BOHON UPAS.

Every one has heard of the Poison Tree of Java. Dr. DARWIN has bestowed on this fictitious tree, the following elegant and descriptive lines.

WHERE seas of glass, with gay reflection smile
Round the green coast of Java's palmy isle;
A spacious plain extends its upland scene,
Rocks rise on rocks, and fountains gush between;
Soft zephyrs blow, eternal summers reign,
And showers prolific bless the soil--in vain!
---No spicy nutmeg scents the vernal gales,
Nor tow'ring plantain shades the mid-day vales;
No grassy mantle hides the sable hills;
No flowery chaplet crowns the trickling rills;
Nor tufted moofs, nor leathery lichens creep,
In rustling tapestry o'er the crumbling steep.
---No steep retreating, on the sand impress'd,
Invites the visit of a second guest;
No reluctant sin the unpeopled stream divides;
No revolant pinion cleaves the airy tides;
Nor handed moles, nor beaked worms return,
That mining pass the irremediable bourn---
Fierce, in dread silence, on the blasted heath,
Fell UPAS sits, the hydra tree of death.
Lo! from one root, the venom'd soil below,
A thousand vegetative serpents grow;
In shining rays the scaly monster spreads,
O'er ten square leagues his far diverging heads;
Or in one trunk entwists his tangled form;
Looks o'er the clouds and hiffes, in the storm;
Steep'd in fell poison, as his sharp teeth part,
A thousand tongues in quick vibration dart;
Snatch the proud eagle, tow'ring o'er the heath,
Or pounce the lion, as he stalks beneath;
Or throw, as marshall'd hosts contend in vain,
With human skeletons the whitened plain.
---Chain'd at his root, two scion demons dwell,
Breathe the faint hiss, or try the shriller yell;
Rise, fluttering in the air on callow wings,
And aim at insect prey their little stings.
So Time's strong arms with sweeping scythes erase---
Art's cumbrous works, and empires from their base;
While each young hour its sickle fine employs,
And crops the sweet buds of domestic joys.

LINES,

By the author of "The Pleasures of Hope."
AS wandering I found, on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been;
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the science of nature, it drew
From each wand'ring sun-beam a lonely embrace;
For the nightweed and thorn overshadow'd the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.
Sweet bud of the wilderness! Emblem of all
That survives in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience will never depart.
Thro' the wilds of enchantment all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave, but a desert behind.

MAXIM. IT is more dishonorable to distrust a friend, than to be deceived by him.

THE PIOUS THIEF:

A FRAGMENT.

***** "HAVE you aught more whereof your conscience should be purged?" said the venerable Father Anselm, addressing a kneeling sinner at the confessional. "Yes, holy Father," replied the penitent, "I have committed the foul sin of theft---I have stolen this watch, will you accept of it?" "Ma!" exclaimed the pious priest, "ma! receive the fruit of thy villainy!--how darest thou tempt me to the commission of so abominable a crime! Go instantly, return the watch to its owner." "I have already offered it to him," replied the culprit, "and he refused to receive it; therefore, holy Father, I beseech you to take it." "Peace, wretch!" rejoined Anselm, "you should have repeated the offer." "I did repeat it, holy Father, and he persisted in the refusal." "Then I must absolve thee from the sin thou hast committed." The MONAST YELLOW had scarcely departed, when the astonished priest discovered that HIS OWN watch had been stolen from the place where it had been deposited, near the confessional!!! *****

PHILANTHROPY.

SALMON in his Geographical account of Italy, relates that it was a custom for twelve noblemen, members of the church of the Twelve Apostles at Rome, to whom it would seem to have been allotted as a duty attaching to members of the church, "to make it their business to search every corner of the city, to find poor men in want who were ashamed to beg, and to relieve their necessities." And that "even the lawyers of Rome, the colleges of advocates and attorneys, assigned one day in the week for accommodating poor men's suits, or bringing them to an issue at their own charge." How benevolent the practice--how sweet the reflections which must have resulted from it--and how honorable in the present age would be its revival!

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

WHEN Vespasian commanded a Senator to give his voice against the interest of his Country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side--the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile---"Did I ever tell you that I was immortal? My virtue is at my own disposal, my life at yours: do what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I die in the service of my Country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels."

THE WATCHFUL SWEEP.

THE following comical circumstance took place, not long ago, in a neighboring village. A boy belonging to a chimney-sweeper, taking his usual rounds in the country, called at a farmer's house in the above village late in the evening; but it not being convenient to employ him till the morning, the farmer informed him he might, if he thought proper, sleep in his barn, which he very readily agreed to. He accordingly made himself a comfortable bed in the straw, and went to rest. Some time in the night he was awakened by two men entering the barn with a lantern and candle, and each of them a sack; he immediately supposing they were not about their lawful business, lay still to watch their motions, when they began to consult how they might place the light till they had filled their sacks from the corn-heap. Seeing they were at a loss how to proceed, he crept softly from his couch, and with an audible voice, said, "Gentlemen, I'll hold the candle." Turning round suddenly, they beheld the Knight of the Bush in his sable robes, and supposing it to be a messenger from the infernal regions come to assist them, threw down their sacks and lanterns, and decamped, leaving poor sweep to finish his repose.

DENUNCIATION OF LOUIS XIV.

A Mr. Stirling, who was Minister of the Barony Church of Glasgow, during the war which England and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV. in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord, that he would take the haughty tyrant of France and shake him over the mouth of Hell; "But, good Lord," added the worthy man, "dinner let him be in." This curious prayer having been mentioned to Louis, he laughed heartily at this new method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterwards gave, The good Scotch Parson, as a toast.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY A STORM.

BE calm, my soul, these thunders harmless play;
Thy God commands, thy God directs their way.
Thou' tempests howl, tho' liquid lightning flies,
Yet still be calm, these reach not to the skies:
There fix thy portion, it shall rest secure;
And to eternal ages shall endure.
Thou' earthly joys do perish and decay,
These still will bloom, nor ever fade away.
Arise, my soul, on wings of faith and love,
And view the mansions of the blest above;
Adore the boundless mercies of thy God,
Who left the glorious place of his abode,
Quit his high realms, where angels homage pay,
And took for thee a testament of clay.
For thee, my soul, and all the sinful race
Of wretched mortals he has purchas'd grace---
How great the ransom! he his blood did give,
The Prince of Life was slain, that we might live---
Oh, wondrous love! to mankind freely giv'n;
He stoop'd to earth, to raise us up to heav'n.
Then doubt not of his power or will to save;
His pow'r created all---love laid him in the grave.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1800.

Last Sunday evening a Charity Sermon was preached in the New Dutch Church, by the Rev. Dr. LIVINGSTON, and 497 dollars and 72 cents, collected for the benefit of the Charity School.

To-morrow evening a Sermon will be preached in the North Church, and a collection made for the same benevolent purpose.

His Excellency John Jay, Governor of this State, declines being considered a candidate at the next election.

A letter from Charleston, dated November 11, says---
"By a vessel arrived this day from St. Domingo---All the white French inhabitants are ordered off by the blacks."

EARTHQUAKES.

"Lancaster, Nov. 22.

"In the course of the two last days we have been visited by several alarming Earthquakes. The rumors as to the number and violence of these convulsions have not yet been reduced to certainty by the public opinion. We believe the first appearance was on Wednesday morning, about five o'clock, which "seemed like the murmurs of distant winds." A few minutes before six on the same morning we had the most violent shock. It continued for about fifty seconds, agitated every thing, and was in found like the rumbling of a carriage over a stone pavement. Yesterday morning shortly before two o'clock there was a shock nearly as violent. In the interval, and since, four or five more trivial agitations have taken place.

We learn, by a gentleman from Wilmington, (Del.) that on Thursday morning, about 4 o'clock, a slight shock of an earthquake was felt in that town. From highly respectable and concurring testimony, we are induced to believe, that our city also experienced a slight shock on Wednesday morning, between five and six o'clock.

BOSTON, Nov. 22.

Yesterday morning, a severe storm from the N. E. accompanied by snow and rain, began, and continued until 1 o'clock, P. M. The gale occasioned the tide to rise higher than has been known for fourteen years, which did considerable damage to the wharves, stores, &c. Vast quantities of lumber, wood, staves, and empty casks floated away---several vessels broke their sails, and dragged their anchors, occasioned much damage in their rout---A brig, and two schooners went ashore on Dorchester; and it is feared cannot be got off---others grounded on the flats at high water---The Long-Wharf received material injury---part of it torn up; and some of it washed away.

As the weather was thick, we expect to hear of shipwrecks on the coast.

The vessels of war, in President road, rode out the gale very well.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 18.

SUICIDE.

A most melancholy event took place in this town on Thursday last, between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock P. M. Dr. Joel Marble, who for some time past had shown evi-

dent signs of derangement and insanity, put an end to his existence by throwing himself into a well about twenty feet deep, and the water about 4 or 5 feet. It is conjectured he lay in the water upwards of an hour before he was discovered. Considering the length of time he must have been in the water, and the concussion from the force in falling so far, discouraged from any attempts to reanimate the body. The jury of inquest who sat upon the body, were unanimously of opinion, that he came by his death by drowning himself while in a fit of insanity.

WORCESTER, Nov. 18.

SUICIDE.

On Monday evening, the 10th inst. a young man of about 18 years of age, by the name of James Burt, living with Lieut. Noah B. Kimball, of Grafton, shot himself. He originated from the shaking Quakers at Shirley. He left them about 18 months ago. On a recent visit to his parents, he met with unkind reception. This unnatural treatment is the only reason that can be assigned for his premature death. He was not permitted to see his Mother, and was treated with great coldness by his Father. Such is the absurdity of these sectaries that they renounce parental affection, and act contrary to the dictates of reason, and religion.

ALEXANDRIA, Nov. 19.

FIRE.

Yesterday, about one o'clock, the citizens of Alexandria were alarmed by the cry of fire. It originated in a small house adjoining the Long Ordinary and three adjacent buildings were enveloped in the flames, and soon entirely consumed.

In the evening, about nine, the cry of fire was renewed, and the citizens again turned out with their usual alacrity; and notwithstanding the scene of activity was a mile and a half from the town, the engines and a large number of people were speedily collected at the spot. A large Cooper's shop, and a dwelling a few feet to the eastward of the valuable mills belonging to Ricketts and Newton and Messrs. Vowell's were burnt to the ground.

The wind blew violently the whole day from the Westward; had it been otherwise the damage which might probably have been sustained from the two fires would have been incalculable. On the eastern side of the street, opposite side of the Long Ordinary, there were no buildings; and the direction of the wind effectually protected the mills from the fire of the Cooper's shop.

LEXINGTON, (Ken.) October 26.

"We are informed, that on Sunday night last, as a gentleman passed from this place to Frankfort, he was attacked by a couple of ruffians, and after stabbing him in several places so as to disable him from resistance, they wrested from him his saddle-bags or valise, and took out his money, consisting of about 400 dollars. This happened about 7 miles from Lexington, near the sign of the Reap-Hook."

Valuable Books,

For Sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Washington's Letters, Volney's Ruins, Campbell's Journey overland to India, Junius's Letters, Cowper's Translation of Homer, American Spectator, Flowers of Modern Travels, Goldsmith's England, Volney's Travels, Pope's Homer, Night Thoughts, Johnson's Rambler, Zimmerman on Solitude, Goldsmith's Animated Nature, Thomson's Seasons, Winterbotham's America, Cook's Voyages, Columbian Muse, Godwin's Political Justice, Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Pleading Instructor, The Hive, Milton's Works, A Father's Instructions, Messiah, Elegant Miscellanies, Flowers of History, Freneau's Poems, Humphrey's Works, Johnson's Lives of the Poets, Gibbon's Surveying, Jones's System of Book-Keeping, Morse's Geography, &c. &c. &c.

Hutchins Improved Almanacs

For the year 1801.

By the thousand, groce, dozen, &c. fold at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

WANTED,

An Apprentice to the Upholsterer's Business---enquire at this office. Nov. 29. 31 if

COURT of HYMEN.

DOMESTIC Happiness! thou only bliss
Of Paradise, which has surviv'd the fall!
Thou art not known where PLEASURE is ador'd,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist.
Forfeaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honor, dignity, and fair renown!

MARRIED

At Elizabeth-Town, Mr PETER D'ANTROCHES, to Miss ABIGAIL MARSH.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr Hart, Mr. JOHN BURGER, jun. of this city, to Mrs. ELIZA GALE of Hempstead, (L. I.)

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Sandford, Mr. MATHEW BENSON, to Miss HANNAH PEFFERS, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. T. Smith, Mr FRANCIS RAPP, to Miss MARGARET M'FARLANE, both of this city.

CHARITY SERMON.

To-morrow, in the forenoon, a Charity Sermon will be preached in St. George's Chapel, and a Collection made for the benefit of the Episcopal Charity School.

LOTTERY.

TICKETS in the LANSINGBURGH and WATERFORD NAVIGATION LOTTERY, and in the STATE ROAD LOTTERY, No. 111, for sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THEATRE.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. FOX.

On Monday Evening will be presented the celebrated

Tragedy of
OTHELLO,
MOOR OF VENICE.

End of act 1st, the much admired Song of, "Black-ey'd Susan," by Mr. Fox.

End of the Tragedy, Monsieur Laurence, Pupil of the celebrated Vestres, will make his first public appearance here, in a favorite DANCE, called

THE MATELOTTE HOLLANDOISE.

To which will be added the Entertainment of

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

NB. No admittance behind the scenes during the time of Rehearsal or Performance.

WHEREAS James Leggett, formerly of the county of Dutchess, late of the city and county of New-York, deceased, did, while living, by his last will and testament, appoint Martha Worden, Executrix, to settle the estate of the said James Leggett, now deceased; and the said Martha Worden being duly authorised, does hereby request all persons who have any demands against said estate, to exhibit them for settlement, at No. 112 Washington-street,---and on the other hand, all those who are any ways indebted to said estate, are hereby called upon to make immediate payment. MARTHA WORDEN, Executrix.

New-York, Nov. 29, 1800.

31--if

A WOMAN, with a good breast of milk, and who can be well recommended, wishes to take a child to nurse.---Enquire at No. 25 Read-street. Nov. 29. 11

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Mrs PALMER, takes this method to inform her Friends and the Public, that she has removed from the city of Hudson, to New-York, where she will open a school for Young Ladies, in a pleasant situation in Pearl-Street, No. 81, where will be taught Reading, Writing, Punctuation, Composition, and the English Language grammatically solved in three cases, viz---the Nominative, Possessive, and Objective. Likewise Geography, with the use of the Globes and Maps. Tambour, and all kinds of needlework. The terms shall be reasonable---The cleanliness, morals, and behavior of the Young Ladies will be particularly attended to. Boarding and Lodging for them if required. The school will commence the 8th day of December next.

COURT of APOLLO.

THE WINTRY DAY.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

IS it in mansions, rich and gay,
On downy beds or couches warm,
That Nature owns the Wintry Day,
And shrinks to hear the howling storm?
Ah! no!

'Tis on the bleak and barren heath,
Where Mis'ry feels the shaft of death,
As to the dark and freezing grave
Her children, not a friend to save---
Unheeded go!

Is it in chambers, filken dress,
At tables, with profusion's heap;
Is it on pillows soft to rest
In dreams of long and balmy sleep?
Ah! no!

'Tis in the rusty hut obscure,
Where Poverty's low sons endure,
And, scarcely daring to repine,
On a straw pallet mute recline,
O'erwhelm'd with woe!

Is it to flout in warm attire,
To laugh and feast, and dance and sing,
To crowd around the blazing fire,
And make the roof with revels ring?
Ah! no!

'Tis on the prison's flinty floor---
'Tis where the deaf'ning whirlwinds roar,
'Tis where the sea-boy, on the mast,
Hears the wave bounding to the blast,
And looks below!

Is it in chariots gay to ride,
To crowd the splendid midnight ball,
To revel in luxurious pride,
While pamper'd vassals wait your call?
Ah! no!

'Tis in the cheerless, naked room,
Where Mis'ry's victims wait their doom!
Where a fond Mother famish'd dies,
While forth a frantic Father flies,
Man's desprate foe!

Is it where, prodigal and weak,
The silly spendthrift scatters gold,
Where eager Folly hastes to seek
The fordid wanton, false and bold?
Ah! no!

'Tis in the silent spot obscure,
Where forc'd all sorrows to endure,
Pale Genius learns, Oh lesson sad!
To court the vain, and on the bad
False praise bestow!

Is it where Gamblers thronging round,
Their shining heaps of wealth display?
Where Fashion's giddy tribes are found
Sporting their senseless hours away?
Ah! no!

'Tis where neglected Genius sighs,
Where Hope, exhausted, silent dies,
Where Merit starves, by Pride oppos'd,
'Till every stream that warms the breast
FORSEARS TO FLOW.

ANECDOTES.

ONE day during the sessions, as a certain solicitor, of no very gentleman-like appearance, was passing through Lincoln's Inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with, "Clows to sell, Sir,----old Clows." The Lawyer, somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's Place, snatching a bundle of papers from their wretched repository, replied, "No, damn your blood, Sir, they are all new suits."

AN Italian Prince whose territories were very small, having taken offence at a Frenchman who resided at his court, sent him an order to evacuate his State in three days. "I am much obliged to his Highness, (said the Frenchman) for giving me three days to do what may be easily done in three quarters of an hour!"

MORALIST.

SELECT SENTENCES.

INGRATITUDE is a crime so shameful that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

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"SIR,

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Nov. 1.

27

W. BARLAS.

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